

THE PROSPECT.

The star of the new republic is in the ascendency, and peers luminously out upon the political world. The spell in the North is broken, and our sky grows brighter and brighter with each succeeding sun. The enemy's prestige is gone, and his invincibility broke, and he exclaims, "Heaven help us; there is no hope in man!" He has bade him farewell, and he stands like Marius, in the midst of a black despair, invoking the Almighty he has wronged to point him the road that leads to security. Our recent victories have fallen on the people of the North like a chilling blight, and the writings of their journals tell of the breakers they discover in the distance. Let us push on with a perfect trust in him who is always with a just cause and with the assistance of our own strong arm we will realize the fondest hope cherished by the true Southern heart ere the idea of May, when we will take our place in the family of nations, endowed with a magnificent territory, unparalleled resources of wealth and prosperity, and enlarging and unequalled reputation for courage and prowess. We speak hopefully, because we feel so. We have not been so well pleased at the aspect of things since the beginning of the war. Everything indicates that if we are but true to ourselves, the ship will triumphantly weather the storm and soon anchor in a haven of repose.

The indication of a desire for peace in the North are too clear to admit of a doubt. Greely, one of the rabid war dogs who has all along been so firm in his determination to subjugate our people, is at in favor of an armistice. He has taken the stump in favor of it, and shows he people the moral necessity of it. He tells them that five hundred thousand of their sons, brothers and friends have been slain since Lincoln took hold of the reins of government, and still their point is no nearer gained. Bigger, the spokesman of the old fogy Democracy, is tired of the war, and proposes a plan by which he thinks it can be ended. Lincoln's message gives proof enough that he could hail with joy the cessation of hostilities at any time.

The long succession of disasters and defeats the enemy has met with since these acknowledgments of a desire for peace were made, have cast a cloud of gloom over the North, throwing into darkness every landmark that hope heretofore revealed. The crossing of the Rappahannock has proved as disastrous to Burnside as did the crossing of the Danube to Napoleon in 1809. He has been forced back with a loss greater than was anticipated in the South, and in a manner that brings the North into shame and ridicule, humiliation and disgrace. In North Carolina, fuel has been given to the flame. Gen. Evans, of Leesburg, has driven the enemy from Lee River in ignominy, and started them for Pamlico Sound, the natural outlet to the sea. Van Dorn, Morgan and Forrest have also been adding greatly to the depression among the abolitionists, and when they complete their work in the action of country they are now working as a cry for peace will be heard in the ranks of Grant and Rosecranz that will sink distinctly to the fate which awaits the party that sent them to ruin and destroy our homes and every species of property we possess.

The Murder of the Black Race.

The Evening Post frankly admits that the ultimate object of the radicals is the destruction of the colored race on this continent. It says:

As the Indians were crowded westward, from our homesteads, by the irresistible advance of the white man, so will the blacks be wherever that powerful protective system which the slaveholders have guarded them is removed. It is the destiny of the negro to perish from this continent, and it is the efforts of the slaveholders have hitherto robbed them of one-half of it—the richest, fairest half—and devoted it to the blacks. It is the slaveholders who have preserved the negro from decline among us; it is the slaveholders who have increased the blacks from seven hundred thousand in 1790 to four millions in 1860. So it is natural that those terrible fellows, the slaveholders, whose chains, whips and blood-hounds we have heard so much about in anti-slavery novels and poems, are all the real conservators of the negro race in North America; that beyond all peradventure, from Arkansas around to Port Royal the same complaint reaches us, that the negroes within our army lines are in rapid decline, and that the soldiers abuse and neglect them. A card in yesterday's Tribune, from the agents of some negro missionary society, begging for money and clothes, says: "There are about a thousand in Hampton, massacred in troops, and a still larger number in Norfolk—seven hundred and eighty at Fort and three hundred and seventy quarred in a large storehouse and in barracks. Could the benevolent look upon these pitiable objects of charity, tattered and shoeless, destitute of decent clothing and compelled to sleep on hard boards, bricks or ground, without a pang, or hardly a rag under them, their hearts would bleed, and eyes unshed weep overflow with tears."

It is not improbable that there are sixty thousand freed negro families within our lines in this condition, and, under the operation of the emancipation proclamation, as our advances this number will double and triple. These poor people are destined for misery and ultimate destruction. The Northern "massacres" will not allow them to be placed under the wing of slaveholders, but destined to perish from the land at the expense of their quartermaster friends the abolitionists.

The American Citizen.

BY JOHN F. BOSWORTH.

"The price of Liberty is Eternal Vigilance."

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NO. 1.

BIOGRAPHY OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

The New York Sunday Mercury publishes a humorous biography of Stonewall Jackson. We make the following extracts:

Your correspondent has seen many biographical sketches of the renowned "Stonewall," but they all abound in inconsistencies, untruths, and inaccuracies. In the hands of some historians his life, like the short India rubber blanket of a long soldier, is stretched to suit the subject. To others this eventful history has been a lump of clay in the hands of a child—capable of any degree of plastic distortion or beauty, from a Hindoo idol to a winged statue of Apollon the Lovely. Some there be who declare him a myth, a hill-of-no-wisp, a dancing jack of diamonds, the hideous creation of a mind—or any amount of minds—disordered; but they err, Mr. Editor. Stonewall Jackson is a fixed fact, a melancholy fact, a stubborn fact; and that his life may not go down into darkness, that his deeds may not be wiped out forever like a sum in simple division on a school-boy's slate, a historian is needed—one that is faithful, capable and unbiased; like those, for instance, who do the biographical sketches for the New York morning dailies—one that is wholly competent, and that can catch not a pin for Northern praise nor Southern commendation; in brief, one like those who write the biographical histories for the papers aforesaid. Such an one is Anna Dornier, and he herewith presents a history which he is willing to take his affidavit is as reliable and worthy as though it was written for one of those immaculate sheets—the New York dailies.

Stonewall Jackson was born very early in life—in fact, so young was he at the interesting period of his history, that the late thereof lurketh not in his own memory, nor yet in that of his present biographer. Sufficient it is to say, he was born. The ancestry of S. has hitherto been shrouded in doubt. Some have asserted that he is descended from Jack, surnamed the Giant Killer, and that the "seven-league boots" of the aforesaid J. the G. K. are yet in his possession, which accounts for the celebrity of his march. Others declare him to be an offshoot of the Jacobin family, the founder of which was Jackaloo the Chinese Pirate. They are all wrong, Mr. Editor. Stonewall Jackson is descended in a curved line from the Wandering Jew. In early time the Jew family came to America, and the late of it went down into Egypt, "bucked" against Pharaoh, and came back with many shekel, having lost them all in that interesting game. From that time till the discovery of the Mississippi river, the family was too poor to be remembered. Stonewall's grandfather ran a flatboat on the aforesaid river, and was extravagantly fond of the classic game of "old sledge." He married, and in the course of time had four sons, whom he named—to wit: "Stonewall," "Tag," "Leap Frog," "Jack," and the Game. Jack followed the example of his father, married, and had one son, the subject of this sketch, who was naturally called Jack's son, and in course of time he became a "tag" and "leap frog" man, and at any critical stage of the game he is sure to "turn" up and become the trump.

Young Jackson in his youth gave great promise of future usefulness, so much so that when he was sent to school he invariably proved to be a prodigy. He was sent to the constant study of which he owes his agility. One day Jackson's pet, learning of his son's truancy, determined to chastise it out of him, and so collared the impudent boy and beat him over his knee. Stonewall Jackson squirmed like a fish-worm, but, with that Spartan firmness that has ever distinguished him, shed not a tear. At about the fortieth blow the old lady paused, while the old gentleman eased on his hold, and inquired, "My son, wilt thou go to school in future?" The young hero raised his head, wiped his sleeve across his nose, and looking up into his father's face, said: "I say, old gentleman, why I like a cabin passenger on a canal boat?" "My son, I have no objection," said the old lady, "but, my boy, said the young incorrigible, with a knowing wink, "it's because I am boarded at home." The poor outraged father could only ejaculate, "board him again, old lady, board him again!" "Not I," said the mother, dropping the shirt board. "You might as well larrup a Stone-wall!"

From that day to this the hero has gone by the name of Stonewall Jackson. "But, mother," said the father, as the released youth skeddaddled out of the room to finish his game of tag, "What shall we do with the boy?" "Do? why send him to West Point, he ain't good for nothin' else!" Stonewall went to West Point. Many interesting events occurred during his pupilage there, but following the example of the New York papers—I condense.

Stonewall Jackson passed a creditable examination, and graduated number two (in the foot) of his class, and the rebellion having just commenced, was immediately appointed a Brigadier-General by the Southern Confederacy—the United States Government paying his livery stable bill at West Point and his passage to the rebel lines. While passing through our army he stopped to make a sketch of our fortifications, when an inconsiderate sentinel demanded his pass. The sentinel was immediately sentenced to be hung, but afterwards allowed to resign. The New York papers have given such an accurate account of Stonewall's military exploits that I need no more than give a brief epitome, taken from that same reliable source.

His first battle was at Bull Run, in 1861, where he slew a whole division of the Federal army with his own hand, and then got slewed himself. In this battle both armies were defeated; but, unfortunately, the advantage of the day was given to the rebels, and the Union army was greatly outnumbered, but "gained a material advantage" (see McD's dispatches).

In June, 1862, he took command of 500,000 men. (See Northern papers, and you will find that the attention to the political economy of the Shenandoah Valley. Not liking the state of the currency there, he determined to abolish Banks; in doing which several desperate battles were fought, in all of which he was victorious, our troops "gained" though our cavalry horses becoming thirsty, they fell back to the Potomac to water.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Found on the body of a Sergeant of the Old Stonewall Brigade, at Winchester, Va.

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails; Stir up the camp-fire bright; No matter if the canteen falls, We'll make a warming light; Here Shenandoah flows along, There burlap Blue Ridge echoes strong, To swell the Brigade's rousing song Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouch hat Cocked o'er his eye askew— The shrewd, dry smile—the speech as pat— So calm, so blunt, so true. The "Blue Light Elder" knows o'er well: Says he—"That's Banks—he's fond of shell— Lord save his soul!—we'll give him"—well, That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off! Old Blue Light's going to pray. Strange the fool that dares to scoff! Attention! It's his way. Appealing from his native soil, In forms pauperish, to God—" Lay bare this arm; stretch forth thy rod." Amen! That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now! Full in! Steady—the whole brigade! Hill's at the foot cut off! We'll win his way out, hail and blade. What matter if our shoes are worn! What matter if our feet are torn! "Quick step—we're with him before dawn!" That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lance runs the mist of morning, and, by George, There's Longstreet struggling in the lists, Hemmed in an ugly gorge. Pope and his Yankees, whipped before, "Bay'net and grape!" hear Stonewall roar, "Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score In Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah, maiden! wait and watch and yearn For news of Stonewall's band. Ah, widow! read with eyes that burn— That ring upon thy hand, on hope on, Thy life shall not be all forlorn— The foe had better ne'er be born Than get in "Stonewall's way."

How Getchins Brought the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street to her Senses.

An amusing adventure is related as having happened to the Bank of England, which had committed the great disrespect of refusing to discount a bill of a large amount, drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfurt, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The bank had haughtily replied "that they discounted only their own bills, and not those of private persons." But they had to do with one stronger than the bank. "Private persons," exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when they reported to him the fact, "Private persons!" "I will make these gentlemen see what sort of 'private persons' we are?" Three weeks afterward Nathan Rothschild—who had employed the interval in gathering all the £5 notes he could procure in England and on the continent—presented himself at the bank at the opening of the office. He drew from his pocket-book a £5 note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The Baron examined one by one the coins, and put them into a little canvas bag, then drawing out another note, a third, a tenth, a hundredth; he never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and, in some instances, trying them in the balance, as he said "the law gave him the right to do." The first pocket book being emptied, and the first bag full, he passed them to his clerk, and received a second, and then continued till the close of the bank. The Bar had employed the whole of his time in examining the bills, and he had also nine employees of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £210,000 in gold from the bank, and that no other person could change a single note. Everything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were, therefore, the first day, very much amused at the little pique of Baron Rothschild. They, however, laughed less when they saw him the next day at the opening of the bank, flanked by his nine clerks, and followed this time by many drays, destined to carry away the specie. They laughed no longer, when the king of bankers said, with ironic simplicity: "These gentlemen refuse to pay my bills, I have sworn not to keep theirs. At their leisure—only I trust them that I have enough to employ them for two months!" "For two months!" "Eleven millions in gold drawn from the Bank of England, which they have never possessed!" The bank took alarm. There was something to be done. The next morning notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

Yankee Doings in Fredericksburg.

We had a conversation yesterday with a person who remained in Fredericksburg in charge of some property, both on the occasion of the occupation last summer and on the late occupation. He says that the Yankees were most awfully flogged on last Saturday, and that the slaughter was awful beyond conception. He says they must have lost at least 20,000 men, and that this is not a mere random guess of a person unaccustomed to military action, but is sustained by the opinion of an intelligent gentleman who had opportunity of knowing, and who likewise estimates the loss at 15,000 to 20,000. He says that when he left the place, after the Yankees had gone, there were large numbers of dead lying unburied in the streets. He says they returned from the field in the wildest disorder. It was found impossible to restrain them if any attempt was made. All discipline, all subordination was gone. They pillaged every house in the town, ransacking the whole from garret to cellar—smashing the windows, doors and furniture of every description and committing every possible species of outrage. They broke the chinaware, smashed the pianos, and annihilated the chairs, tables and bedsteads. They stole all the blankets, sheets, counterpanes, and everything they could use. They broke into the cellars and drank all the liquors they could find, so that the whole army became a drunken and furious mob. He thinks that not a single house in the town escaped. This infernal carnival was held all throughout the night of Saturday, all day and all night Sunday, and until the evening of Monday. At that time from some cause which he could not understand, they seemed to be suddenly taken with a panic, and continued in a terrible state of alarm until the evening commenced. From the account of our informant we should infer that they were marching down to Port Royal. Such are the savages sent to teach us civilization.

Yankee journals state that the successor of the Marriam is about to give new features of interest to the accidents of war. She is said to have a way opened for her departure from Richmond, a 250 pounder, and her mailed sides are as the rock ribbed mountains. Her speed and capacity have been tested, and the abolition press says that President Davis smiled when contemplating the perfections of this "monster of the deep."

"Dear Laura, when we were courting, you were very dear to me; but now you're my wife and I'm paying your bills, you seem to get dearer and dearer."

Importance of the Mississippi Valley.

From the Correspondence of the Mobile Register.]

MURFREESBORO, Dec. 17, 1862. * * I do not think that there is any apprehension of Rosecranz being reinforced by any considerable number of troops. It is evident that the main portion of Buell's army was sent to Memphis to reinforce Grant's corps, and indeed it would now seem that the Abolitionists had determined to suspend their operations in Tennessee until they shall effect their grand demonstration for the possession of Mississippi. This is their great strategic point of operations, being of paramount interest and importance to them at this time with even the capture of Richmond. Their undisputed occupation of Mississippi not only opens to them the river, but also must give them the right of way to Louisiana and Alabama. In this they are playing a double game for our cotton as well as negroes. Taking this view of the matter, as well as looking to the disastrous results which would follow the success of the enemy in Mississippi, it is clear to my mind that the heart of the Confederacy should be successfully defended, even at the sacrifice of Richmond, and, if necessary, the abandonment of Virginia. For by the fall of Mississippi we should not only lose North Louisiana and the Mississippi river, but give them the chance also of marching upon Mobile and taking your city in the rear as well as opening to them the roads to Montgomery and Atlanta, Georgia. Such a success would not only be utterly ruinous to us, but would cut off Virginia entirely from the South, and therefore render that State entirely useless to us.

It has often been asked whether President Davis conducts the moves on this great chess board of war, or not? One would suppose, from the fact that he only employs a piece as Secretary of War, to move his pieces, that he did. But I am assured, upon high authority, that in regard to the commands of the various departments, he but gives his views to the commander, leaving him untrammelled to exercise his own judgment, but holding him responsible for the results. We have now arrived at the most critical point in the game of this revolution, when to secure success we must concentrate all our forces so as to resist the main attack in preventing a checkmate. An oversight at this time, if it should not lose us the game, would jeopardize the heart of the cotton States to such an extent as to produce incalculable calamities, besides prolonging the war, and removing still farther in the distance our hopes of acknowledged independence and foreign recognition.

At all other sacrifices, then, Mississippi should be defended to the last. The oversight not to provide for her successful defense at this time, can never be excused or palliated, while it must demonstrate an utter want of capacity some where in the government to carry on the revolution successfully.

The Yankee rumor that General Hindman, with his forces from Arkansas, had crossed the Mississippi to join Pemberton, I regret to say, is incorrect, according to the last advices received. It would seem that common sense should have dictated such a move, even before we attempted to make any defense of Arkansas; for what! Arkansas as we have more than Virginia, if we shall lose Mississippi? It is needless to conceal the great alarm felt in all quarters for Mississippi at this time, and people cannot be induced to believe that they are at all unnecessary, whatever may be the opinion at Richmond. While the President is on his tour South, it is to be hoped that the true condition of affairs will not escape his immediate attention.

League in the Western States to Emancipate Slaves.

A society for the emancipation of slaves has been discovered in Illinois. It is called the "Emancipation League." Its purpose is to encourage the influx of "loyal colored people" or in other words, Southern slaves, having a complete set of passports, signs, etc. The annexed is the portion of the platform that refers to the South and slavery, exceeding in atrocity anything of the kind that has been devised by the devilish ingenuity of the enemy:

We are determined to destroy the last vestige of African slavery in the United States—peaceably if we can, and forcibly if necessary; and that we will sustain that part of the President's proclamation which contemplates instant emancipation of the slaves wherein he says: "that the army and navy will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them in the efforts they may make for their actual freedom."—notwithstanding the air may resound with the screams of the women and children of the rebellious tyrants; for it is better that the States should be inhabited by our loyal colored friends than that rebels should persist in the practice of slavery, to the disgrace of the nation.

Apprehensions are entertained in Fayette county, Kentucky, of a slave insurrection, and great excitement exists in consequence of discoveries to that effect. A military force has been sent by General Granger to check any such outbreak.

The small pox has developed itself in Bragg's army. In obedience to orders from headquarters the soldiers are being rapidly vaccinated.

THE PARTISANS AT WORK ON THE RIVER.

Another Steamer Attacked—Commerce, Mississippi, Destroyed.

From the Memphis Argus, Dec. 29.]

On Wednesday last the little steamer Mill Boy, Capt. L. C. Vale, having been chartered by several persons who were dealing in cotton, left this port for Commerce, Miss., a small place on the river, fifty miles from this city, to get some cotton which planters had assured the dealer was in that neighborhood. The Mill Boy arrived there early in the day and landed. The cotton which was promised was back in the country, and had to be hauled to the river. The people there kept telling the officers of the boat and the cotton dealers that if they would wait, it would certainly arrive that night. The boat kept up steam all the time while at the landing.

Just after dark a party of guerrillas stole along down the landing and came within pistol shot of the boat, firing volley after volley at the boat, instantly killing Dr. J. D. Lindsay, a well known Memphisian, on board, and wounding Mr. Robert Luckey, of Davenport, Iowa. Dr. Lindsay was shot with a minie ball, it striking him back of the ear, and passing through his head, lodging over his left eye. He survived about two hours after being struck. He was attempting to get behind the wheel house when hit. Mr. Luckey was struck in the back, and is not expected to recover. One person, name unknown, jumped overboard and was drowned. Mr. J. H. Kemble, the pilot, secreted himself in the pilot house and managed to back the boat out while in that position. It appears the guerrillas did not want to capture the boat, for it could easily have been done. Some of them had reached the stage plank when they commenced firing. The number of guerrillas was variously estimated at from fifty to eighty in all. One hundred and thirty-four shots struck the cabin and engine-room, and about thirty went into the pilot house.

The Mill Boy met the City Belle coming up, and being short of fuel, got Capt. Hart to tow them back to Helena. The guerrilla raid was immediately made known to the naval authorities at Helena, who sent a couple of gunboats up to Commerce and laid the place in ashes, also the farm houses on several large plantations. A number of the citizens at that vicinity were arrested, among them Ransom Byrn, T. J. Cogswell and Mr. Ferguson. At Mr. Ferguson's house, forty guns, it is said, were found. The citizens positively assert they knew nothing about guerrillas, and had no intention whatever of inducing the boat to remain there that the guerrillas might fire upon it. All the officers of the Mill Boy were being heroically, none deserting their post.

THE MCNEIL MASSACRE IN MISSOURI.

A St. Louis correspondent of the Columbus Crisis writes as follows: "The man for whom Gen. McNeil shot ten, some time ago, and which was notified in the Crisis, has returned home alive and well, and his wife, before the execution of those men, went to him (Gen. McNeil) and pleaded with him to wait and see if he had been killed before he executed those men, and the brute spurned her. I can write no more."

St. Louis. This being the case, the crime of McNeil deserves a still blacker shade of atrocity. There is hardly its parallel to be found in the whole annals of military history. It is a foul disgrace upon the American flag and upon the American name. No one who loves his country and desires her to have a favorable record in history, but will not cry for justice upon this wretch who has inflicted such a stain upon her. We fully coincide in the following, which we clip from one of our Union contemporaries:

A single individual disappears, and suspicion seems to point to some of the inhabitants of the village of P. Imry, State of Missouri, as guilty of putting him out of the way. Though there is no evidence implicating a solitary individual in the crime—in fact there is no evidence but that the person who mysteriously disappeared still lives, and may yet return to his home—yet ten persons, American citizens, men of families and wealth, are selected from all the inhabitants of that village to atone with their lives the absence of a single person. The fact that ten murdered men may have been suspected of disloyalty to their country, does not lessen the enormity of this great crime. They were not executed for being disloyal, but for being citizens of a town some one resident of it might have secreted the individual who was missing.

It should be remembered that this is a civilized war, and it has always been claimed that we in the North are civilized beings; but the future historian who records the cool and deliberate murder of those ten men, and as far as the world has any knowledge, innocent men, will have a big task on his hands to reconcile the deed with the manners and customs of civilization.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Gen. Lee's Official Report of the Battle of the Rappahannock.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VA., December 14th, 1862. The Honorable Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.

Sir—On the night of the 10th inst., the enemy commenced to throw three bridges over the Rappahannock—two at Fredericksburg, and the third about a mile and a quarter below, near the mouth of Deep Run.

The plan on which Fredericksburg stands is so completely commanded by the hills of Stafford, in possession of the enemy, that no effectual opposition could be offered to the construction of the bridges or the passage of the river, without exposing our troops to the destructive fire of his numerous batteries. Positions were, therefore, selected to oppose his advance after crossing. The narrowness of the Rappahannock, its winding course, and deep bed, afforded opportunity for the construction of bridges at points beyond the reach of our artillery, and the banks had to be watched by skirmishers. The latter, sheltering themselves behind the houses drove back the working parties of the enemy at the bridges opposite the city; but at the lowest point of crossing, where no shelter could be had, our sharpshooters were themselves driven off, and the completion of the bridge was effected about noon on the 11th.

In the afternoon of that day the enemy's batteries opened upon the city, and by dark had so demolished the houses on the river bank as to deprive our skirmishers of shelter—and under cover of his gunboats he effected a lodgment in the town.

The troops which had so gallantly held their position in the city, under the severe cannonade during the day, resisting the advance of the enemy at every step, were withdrawn during the night, as were also those who, with equal tenacity, had maintained their post at the lowest bridge. Under cover of the darkness and a dense fog, on the 12th, a large force passed the river and took position on the right bank, protected by their heavy guns on the left.

The morning of the 13th, his arrangements for an attack being completed, about 9 o'clock—the movement veiled by a fog—he advanced boldly in large force against our right wing. Gen. Jackson's corps occupied the right of our line, which rested on the railroad; Gen. Longstreet's the left, extending along the heights to the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg. Gen. Stuart with two brigades of cavalry, was posted in the extensive plain on our extreme right.

As soon as the advance of the enemy was discovered through the fog, Gen. Stuart, with his accustomed promptness, moved up a section of his horse artillery which opened with effect upon his flank, and drew upon the gallant Pelham a heavy fire, which he sustained unflinchingly for about two hours. In the meantime the enemy was fiercely encountered by Gen. A. P. Hill's division, forming Gen. Jackson's right, and after an obstinate combat, repulsed. During this attack which was protracted and hotly contested, two of Gen. Hill's brigades were driven back upon our second line.

General Early, with part of his division, being ordered to his support, drove the enemy back from the point of the woods he had seized, and pursued him into the plain until arrested by his artillery. The right of the enemy's column extending beyond Hill's front, encountered the right of Gen. Hood, of Longstreet's corps. The enemy took possession of a small corps in front of Hood, but were quickly dispossessed and repulsed with loss.

During the attack on our right the enemy was crossing troops over his bridge at Fredericksburg, and massing them in front of Longstreet's line. Soon after his repulse on our right he commenced a series of attacks on our left, with a view of obtaining possession of the heights immediately overlooking the town. These repeated attacks were repulsed in gallant style by the Washington Artillery, under Col. Walton, and a portion of McLaw's division, which occupied these heights.

The last assault was made after dark when Col. Alexander's battalion had relieved the Washington Artillery, (whose ammunition had been exhausted,) and ended the contest for the day. The enemy was supported in his attacks by strong batteries of artillery on the right bank of the river, as well as by his numerous heavy batteries on the Stafford heights.

Our loss during the operations, since the movements of the enemy began, amounts to about 1,800 killed and wounded. Among the former I regret to report the death of the patriotic soldier and statesman, Brig. Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb, who fell upon our left; and among the latter, that brave soldier and accomplished gentleman, Brig. General Maxey Gregg, who was very seriously, and, it is feared, mortally wounded, during the attack on our right.

The enemy to-day has been apparently engaged in caring for his wounded and burying his dead. His troops are visible in their first position in line of battle, but, with the exception of some skirmishers, he has not attempted to renew the attack. About five hundred and fifty prisoners were taken during the engagement, but the full extent of his loss is unknown.

I have the honor to be, Very respectfully, Your obedient servant, R. E. LEE, General.

Charles Marshall, Maj. and A. D. C.

We learn from the Dadeville (Ala.) Banner of the 20th ult., that at Gold Branch Beat in Tallapoosa county, the small pox is raging. There had been fifteen or twenty cases and several deaths from it within a day or two.